

84 1907 490
The Christian Triumph.

BEING THE SUBSTANCE OF
A S E R M O N,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF
MISS ANN WILLIAMS:
Who departed this Life Sept. 14th, 1772,
in the Twenty-first Year of her Age.

WITH
T H E A D D R E S S,
DELIVERED AT HER INTERMENT.

BY ABRAHAM BOOTH.

We are more than Conquerors, through Him that loved us,
Rom. viii. 37.

L O N D O N :

Sold by E. and C. DILLY, in the Poultry;
G. KEITH, in Grace-Church-streer; and
W. HARRIS, in St. Paul's Church-yard.

M.DCC.LXXII.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

The Christian Witness

BEING THE SUBSTANCE OF

A SERMON

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF

Mrs ANN WILLIAMS:

Who departed this life 9th Decr. 1772.
in the Twenty-third Year of her Age.



DELIVERED BY

BY ABRAHAM BOOTH

At the Anniversary of the Death of the said Mrs. Williams, held at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on the 14th Decr. 1772.

L O N D O N :

Sold by F. and C. Dilly, in Pall Mall;
G. Kearsley, in Great Court Lane; and
W. Henshaw, in St. Paul's Church Lane.

(PRICE SIX PENCE)

1 COR. xv. 55, 56, 57.

O DEATH! WHERE IS THY STING? O GRAVE! WHERE IS THY VICTORY? THE STING OF DEATH IS SIN, AND THE STRENGTH OF SIN IS THE LAW; BUT THANKS BE TO GOD, WHICH GIVETH US THE VICTORY, THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST!

THE sovereign Disposer of all events, having lately deprived us of a worthy member and an amiable young Sister, by the relentless hand of death; I shall, at the request of her honoured relatives, attempt an improvement of the striking words I have now read, for our spiritual edification and mutual comfort. And O, that a divine blessing may attend our meditations, on so important a part of sacred writ! That while we remember the death of our much-esteemed friend, we may not forget our own: and while we reflect on that sweet serenity and lively hope, with which she met her last enemy; it may be our steady concern and unspeakable happiness, to enjoy the same heavenly consolation, and be ready for the same solemn event.

IN this chapter the infallible author largely treats concerning that capital article of the christian creed, the resurrection of the dead, And having proved, by irrefragable arguments, that as Jesus, the great head of the church, arose and left the tomb, so all the saints, all the members of his mystical body, shall rise at the last day; having shewn, that as the Lord Redeemer overcame death, and the grave, and every enemy, so all his followers shall be finally victorious and everlastingly happy; he breaks out in the language of triumph. Having the once formidable enemies full in his view, or rather under his feet, he loudly exclaims; *O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!*—In handling these remarkable words, on the present occasion, I shall take notice, of the *various powerful enemies and malignant evils*, here mentioned, from which the real christian is, or shall be, completely delivered—the way in which he obtains the deliverance—his triumph over his vanquished foes—and his gratitude to God for the wonderful favour.—And,

FIRST, *The various powerful enemies and malignant evils*, here mentioned, from which the real christian is, or shall be, completely delivered, come under our consideration. The
awful

The Christian Triumph.

§

awful evils and the destructive enemies, which are here more expressly mentioned, are, *death* and the *grave*; but with them, *sin* and the *law* are closely connected.—That *death* is a formidable foe, the general consent of mankind; the common feelings of humanity, in the prospect of it, and the voice of divine revelation, loudly declare. By death, the union between soul and body is entirely dissolved, and the earthly tabernacle is brought down to the dust. *Death reigns**, says the oracle of heaven. He reigns as a king, and enslaves as a tyrant. His empire is ancient, and his dominions are large. So ancient his empire, as to be almost coeval with human existence: so large his dominions, as to extend to all the posterity of *Adam*, two individuals excepted†. All the past generations of men have bowed to his sceptre, and all that now survive must soon feel the weight of his hand.

BUT whence has death his terrific appearance, and from what is his power derived? Our text informs us; for he is described as armed with a *sting*. He is compared to the venomous hornet, or the more baneful scorpion; which wound, emit their poison, and give the keenest sensations of pain, by their stings. It is from hence these creatures become, either hurtful or terrible.—Nor does

* Rom. v. 14.

† Enoch and Elijah.

the apostle leave his reader to a doubtful conjecture, what the sting of death should be; for he immediately and expressly tells us, that it is *sin*. To the truth of this the consciences of men bear witness. Death owes his existence to sin. On sin his empire is founded, and by it he maintains his dominion over mankind.—To this the word of revelation agrees: *Sin entered into the world, and death by sin.* It is sin that arrays death with all his terrors. By sin alone, he stings the conscience and wounds the heart. Had we not been transgressors; were our hearts perfectly pure in the sight of God, and our whole conduct unblemished in the eye of his law, we should have no reason to fear the haggard monarch; we should then be free from his dominion, and beyond the reach of his power.—But, having rebelled against our Eternal Sovereign, and transgressed his righteous precepts; having subjected ourselves to the most dreadful forfeiture, and being exposed to everlasting ruin; we shudder at his appearance, and stand aghast at his approach. Sin makes death a curse, and renders us obnoxious to future pains. Death, therefore, when possessed of his sting, is no other than the minister of Divine Justice, to lay the delinquent under an arrest, and to drag him to prison and judgment. Hence it is, that mighty monarchs tremble on their thrones, in the presence of this king of terrors; and the

the most hardy, if conscience be not *seared* as with an hot iron, cannot forbear emotions of slavish fear, when he approaches. This we know; this we feel. *Sin*, therefore, is a dreadful evil, as it subjects us to death, and arms the tyrant with all his terrors.

AND as *sin* is the sting of death, so the law is the strength of *sin*: as death received his being and all his authority from *sin*, so *sin* derives its condemning power from the law. —The law which is here intended, is that which the apostle designs, when he says; *The law entered, that the offence might abound—By the law is the knowledge of sin—I had not known sin, but by the law* †. This, it is evident, is the *moral law*; and this law is the *strength of sin*. How? Not because it requires it, or inclines to the practice of it: no, it is *holy, and just, and good*. Its precepts are pure, its sanction is equitable, and its whole design is good. It is every way worthy of the Great Legislator, and was perfectly suited to the nature of man, while in his original state of rectitude: for it is a transcript of the Divine holiness, and a pattern of moral excellence.—How comes it, then, to give strength to *sin*, to that which is our greatest enemy? The answer is easy: It is the *formula* of that covenant which was made with our first Father; which covenant he brake,

† Rom. v. 20. and iii. 20. and vii. 7.

and, by one offence, involved all his posterity in guilt and ruin. In the eye of this law, we are all transgressors and all stand condemned. As a *broken covenant*, therefore, as a *violated law*, it is called, *the strength of sin*. And it is so denominated, because it *exposes the evil* of sin. By the law we learn, that sin is 'an *infinite evil*'; as it shews us, that every transgression is an absolute contrariety to God's holiness, and a bold opposition to his revealed will—that it involves in it an impious rejection of JEHOVAH's authority, and brings the greatest disorder into the rational creation. But the law does not merely declare the *intrinsic* evil of sin: for it cites the offender—let the careless sinner hear and tremble!—it cites the offender to answer for his conduct at the bar of God. It fixes a charge of guilt on the conscience, and fills the soul with a sense of deserved wrath. So pure are its precepts, that it requires a perfect obedience; so awful its sanction, that it condemns, without mercy, for the least defect. It insists upon absolute rectitude, both of heart and life, and denounces fiery pains against the least deviation. Such are its high commands, and such the tremendous sanction with which they are guarded*. In these respects and thus considered, the law is *the strength of sin*.

* Rom. iii. 19, 20. and iv. 15. and vi. 23. Gal. iii. 10.

BUT

—But we have another enemy mentioned, and that is the *grave*. The grave is one of those things that are never satisfied. Her language is that of the horse-leech's daughters; *Give, give*. She devours thousands at a meal, yet never says, "It is enough." Death, with his javelin in his hand, stalks along our streets; and, commissioned from above, levels the mortal blow, and the destined victim falls, a prisoner to the grave and a prey to the vilest insects. Or, more agreeably to the apostle's metaphor, death, like the insidious viper, fastens his invenomed tooth in our vitals; like the malignant scorpion, penetrates the heart with his impoisoned sting; and we sicken, we faint, we die—the grave receives us into her close confinement, and pours upon us the utmost contempt. She loads her prisoners with the deepest disgrace, and glories in it. The human frame, though once beautiful to admiration, is, when under her power, quite the reverse. The sparkling eye, and the blooming cheek; the comely countenance, and the elegant form, are lost in darkness and laid in ruins; are covered with putrefaction, and food for worms.—What a mortifying reflection this, to the haughty fair one! to all who value themselves on their external beauty! Nor let the masculine, or the most robust, imagine themselves exempted from the depredations and dishonours of the grave. For her power is equally extensive with the empire

pire of death, and of a like continuance.— How great is thy authority, O grave! and to what lordly, humiliating purposes dost thou improve it! Millions of our race hast thou taken captive, who are yet detained in thy gloomy mansions; and millions more must shortly people thy dominions and extend thy conquests. But though thy victories are multiplied, they shall not be perpetual; though thy power is great, it shall come to an end.

HERE let us pause a moment and indulge reflection. What a *dreadful evil* is sin! It has introduced disorder into our world, and destruction upon our race. It has brought the highest dishonour upon God, and the most awful ruin upon man. God is dishonoured in his character and government, and man is ruined both in body and soul. It distresses the soul with the keenest anguish, and disgraces the body to the last degree. It exposes, *that*, to endless torment; *this*, to everlasting infamy: the *one* to worms and rottenness, and *both* to fire and brimstone.—How miserable, then, is man! Miserable indeed, miserable beyond conception, if left in the hands of his enemies. *Sin* and the *law*, *death* and the *grave*, unite their various powers to make us completely wretched: and wretched we must have been, had not grace provided, and the gospel revealed, relief. Yes, my fellow-sinners, if sovereign mercy had not interposed on our behalf, despair had been rational and
damnation

damnation certain. But, blessed be God! grace, divine grace has appeared: it shines in the gospel and *reigns through Jesus Christ*. It has made provision for the guilty and destitute—for all, whoever they be, that are willing to owe their salvation to its power and agency. The admirable and animating words, which are now under consideration, inform us; that there is a deliverance, to be expected, by the miserable sinner; to be enjoyed, by the real saint—a glorious deliverance, from sin and the law, from death and the grave. Victory over these enemies, deliverance from these evils, delightful truth! transporting thought!—But this brings me to consider,

SECONDLY, *The way in which this deliverance is obtained.* This is expressed in the following words: *God giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.* The great deliverance here celebrated, the glorious victory here sung, is ascribed to God. It was planned in the Divine Mind, and is the produce of Divine Mercy. Infinite wisdom concerted the scheme, and boundless goodness provided the means. Our destruction is of ourselves, but our help is in the Lord alone †.—But though it was the eternal purpose of God, to deliver his people out of the hands of their enemies, yet he would not do

* Rom. v. 21.

† Hos. xiii. 9.

it by absolute power, or by a merely sovereign act; but in a way becoming his character, as a righteous governour—in such a way, as should manifest the *just God*, as well as the compassionate Saviour †. For this purpose a mediator was chosen, in the counsels of heaven, as the grand medium of divine operation in the wonderful work. This mediator is the Son of the Blessed, the Lord Messiah. By him the victory is gained: *God giveth us the victory, through our LORD JESUS CHRIST.*

By Him we obtain victory over *sin*. This was the first of evils, and is the source of all our misery; but Jesus delivers us from it, and that in different views. He delivers from it, as the *sting of death*, or as to its *guilt*; for it is the guilt of sin, or that respect which it has to punishment, which pains the conscience and renders death dreadful. From this he delivers, by his own death on the cross, and by an application of atoning blood to the conscience. When the blessed Jesus offered his life and poured his blood, he fell a victim to divine justice, in the stead of his people. Then was he made sin, and then he suffered for it. As their glorious Substitute, he bore the vengeance due to their crimes, and made expiation for them. The atonement he made, being a full satisfaction to eternal justice, God

was well-pleased with it: and this he declared, to all the world, by raising him up from the dead. Thus we are reconciled to our offended Sovereign, *by the death of his Son* *. And when, in the language of inspiration, we *receive the reconciliation* †; or, in other words, when we believe the report concerning it, and have the blood of Christ sprinkled on our hearts, by the Holy Spirit; then the conscience is purged from guilt, death is disarmed of his sting, and we are delivered from slavish fear ‡. This, without all dispute, is a capital part of that victory which is obtained by Jesus Christ, and granted to the people of God.

AND, as the great Immanuel redeems from the *guilt* of sin, so he delivers from its *dominion*; though the *first* of these is particularly intended in the text. Sin *reigns* in the unregenerate man. It exercises a kind of sovereign power, both in his conscience and over his affections. By its *guilt*, it enslaves and galls the conscience; by its *power*, it sways and rules the affections. The *former* is tormented by it, as the sting of death; the *latter* are delighted with it, as agreeable to their vicious tendency.—But when the great Deliverer affords relief to a wounded conscience, by the application of his own blood; he

* Rom. v. 10.

† Rom. v. 11. Καταλλαγήν.

‡ 1 Pet. i. 2. Heb. ix. 14, & x. 19, 22.

purifies

purifies the affections, by the agency of his divine Spirit. By that he delivers from the *burden*, by this from the *love*, of sin. He reveals, to the convert, the glory of God, and sheds abroad his love in the heart. He gives a new bias to the stubborn will, and elevates his affections to heavenly things. He works in him an habitual desire after a conformity to his own holy image, in mind and manners, in temper and conduct; and teaches him to mourn over his many imperfections. The depravity of nature still remains and still opposes, but it does not *reign*; it is considered as an enemy, and treated as a rebel, to the dominion of Grace*.

NOR is the believer without a joyful expectation, of having deliverance from the *being* of sin. When his immortal soul shall take her flight into the upper mansions, then shall she be numbered among the spirits of the just *made perfect*: which expression, whatever glorious things besides may be intended by it, must imply, a freedom from innate depravity; a perfect freedom, from every corrupt habit and unholy inclination. In the article of death, or immediately upon it, the soul is completely sanctified.—This truth, I humbly conceive, may receive illustration from what is recorded in this chapter†, concerning the *change* that shall pass on the *bodies* of the

* Rom. vi. 14. and vii. 21, 23, 24. † Verses 51, 52.

saints, who shall be found alive, at the second coming of Christ. This wonderful change, we are informed, shall be wrought *in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye*; by which they shall be perfectly freed from every corrupt and sordid quality, which attended them in a mortal state, and was natural to them. And as such an alteration will be absolutely necessary, in order to fit them for the celestial world; so, the souls of believers, by the same almighty agency and in the like instantaneous manner, are entirely delivered, at death, from all that is depraved and sinful. Then the saint is for ever freed, from what the scripture calls, *The plague of the heart**; which also may be truly denominated, *the plague of his life*, so long as he continued in a militant state. A blessing this, which is not enjoyed by the christian, in the present life; but he has it in hope, and exults in the prospect of it. And when Jesus shall raise the dead, and reanimate the sleeping dust of the saints; then shall their whole persons be eternally free from sin and all its effects, in every view: then their victory over it will be quite complete.

AND, as the great Mediator delivers from sin, which is the sting of death; so he redeems from the *law*, which is the strength of sin. When the law is considered under the character which it here bears, it is very apparent,

** 1 Kings viii, 38.*

that if we be not delivered from it, we must perish for ever. For, as violated by us, it unsheaths the sword of vengeance, and insists upon satisfaction; it bars up the way to life, and lays us under a curse. Hence it is that *Paul*, when addressing believers, says; *Ye are DELIVERED from the law**.—This deliverance is wrought by *Jesus Christ*. He was made of a woman, *made under the law*, that he might perform the commands which we have transgressed, and sustain the curse which we have incurred. Yes, our glorious Sponsor perfectly obeyed the precepts, in their utmost extent; and suffered the penalty, in its most awful latitude. Agreeable to those words; *He knew no sin—By the obedience of One, shall many be made righteous—Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law—How? By setting aside its authority, or vacating its sanction? No; but, by being MADE A CURSE FOR US*†. Astonishing condescension this, in the Lord Messiah! Amazing compassion to our sinful souls!—The method of grace is truly wonderful, and in it the glories of the Godhead shine. Here, mercy and justice unite their claims; both are manifested, and both exalted. In the penalty sustained by the Surety, sin is treated as an infinite evil, while the criminal is released from condemnation. Justice asserts her honours, and mercy dispenses her pardons.

* Rom. vii. 6. † 2 Cor. v. 21. Rom. v. 19. Gal. iii. 13.

The wrath of God is revealed, and sovereign grace exalted. Sin meets with condign punishment, and the law with its highest honour. The sinner is saved from deserved destruction, and God is glorified in making him completely happy.—Such is the christian's deliverance from the law, as *the strength of sin*, and in it he greatly rejoices: but, though redeemed from its *condemning* power, he cordially esteems and highly reveres it, as the unchangeable *rule* of his conduct.

If, then, the christian be delivered from sin, as *the sting of death*, and from the law, as *the strength of sin*; it is no wonder, that the apostle should speak of a victory over *death*. For from sin he derived his being, and from the law his authority over mankind. Death, however, is the last enemy that shall be conquered*; but his destruction is firmly decreed. The word is gone out of Jehovah's mouth, and shall not return; *I will redeem them from death. O death! I will be thy plagues*†.—To this glorious truth we have a divine evidence, in the resurrection of Jesus. That grand fact, which is the basis of our faith and hope in a *dying* Redeemer‡, is an incontestable proof and an infallible earnest, that though death has long reigned over all that was mortal of the saints; yet soon, very soon, his dominions shall be invaded, his

* 1 Cor. xv. 26.

† Hosea xiii. 14.

‡ 1 Cor. xv. 17. 1 Pet. i. 3.

power shall be taken from him, and his very name, as to them, become extinct: for, concerning the redeemed and their final state, it is asserted in the Book of God, that *there shall be no more death**. He that was dead, and is alive, and lives for evermore, shall perform this glorious work: for *He must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet*; and then shall that saying be fulfilled, *Death is swallowed up in victory*.

AND if death shall die, the grave, certainly, cannot survive. For what is the grave, but a repository for the victims of death? Death provides for the grave, and peoples her dark domains. Death crowds her gloomy cells, and feeds her with human prey: they must both, therefore, stand or fall together. The grave, it is true, has long triumphed in the disgrace of humanity, and vaunted it over the saints themselves. But that Sublime Being, who rules over all, has declared with the greatest solemnity; *I will ransom them from the power of the grave—O grave! I will be thy destruction†*. Yes, my brethren, the hour is coming, when the glorified Immanuel shall descend from heaven, *with the shout of the archangel and the trump of God*. Then destruction shall hear his voice, and the devouring grave refund her spoils. He who left the tomb, as the *first-fruits of them that sleep*,

* Rev. xxi. 4.

† Hosea xiii. 14.

shall

shall burst her bars, however strong, and empty her dreary mansions, however populous. The exertion of his divine power shall reach to *all* the dead; for *all that are in the graves shall hear his voice*: but it shall appear supremely glorious, in the resurrection of the *just*. For they shall be raised in his own image; in the perfect likeness of their glorified Head. In a moment they awake from the sleep of ages; the dishonours of the noisome prison are all wiped away; and, exulting with joy, they spring forth to meet their Lord, to behold his glory and enjoy him for ever. Such the victory over the grave shall be, and such is the christian's hope.

It is very observable, that *Paul* speaks of this victory in the *present* time; *God* giveth *us* the victory: though it be manifest, that its actual accomplishment, as to two of its main branches, is yet future. So far, indeed, as it regards the *law*, which is the strength of sin, and *sin*, as the sting of death, it is now enjoyed by the real christian, and he glories in it; for *there is no condemnation, to them that are in Christ Jesus*. But as to *death* and the *grave*, the believer is still exposed to their power; for he has not yet attained to the *resurrection of the dead**.—There is, however, an evident propriety in the mode of expression, even as applied to *these* enemies. For

Philip. iii. xi.

the God of all grace now gives the christian a victory over them; and, in some sense, he now enjoys it. How? *In the word of promise*; which ascertains the perfect accomplishment of it. This promise being received by *faith*, and faith being *the substance of things hoped for*, it has a kind of *present* subsistence in the believer's mind. *In the resurrection of Jesus*. For when he arose, he vanquished death and the grave, and was more than conqueror over them. This he did, not for *himself* alone; not as a *private* person; but, as the *head* of his body the church, and of all her particular members—as the *great representative* of all his people, and as *the first-fruits* of them that sleep. In the resurrection, therefore, of his heavenly Sponsor, the believer beholds, a victory gained for him; a victory granted to him. He considers himself as a sharer in all his Lord's conquests; as *risen with him*, and as *already seated in heavenly places*, in him the exalted Head*.

* Eph. ii. 6. As an additional consideration, it may not be amiss here to observe; That the christian, in the exercise of faith, looks upon death under the encouraging idea, of a *transition* to a better life; and the grave he considers, as *the place where his Lord lay*. Willingly, therefore, he meets death; which, to him, has an angel's face and a deliverer's hand. Cheerfully he lays his body down to rest in the silent grave, after the fatigues of a *wearisome pilgrimage*; and seeks a *commodious shelter*, from the storms of life, in her hospitable gloom.—This thought did not seem so proper to be inserted in the body of the discourse, because the text considers death and the grave as *enemies*.

BUT the word, *giveth*, suggests another idea; for it is strongly expressive of *divine grace*. *God giveth us the victory*. Glorious truth! It is *given* of God, not *gained* by man. No; we have not the least hand in obtaining it: the whole work is the Lord's. Not only so, but we are as far from *deserving*, as we were from *procuring* it. The glorious conquest is granted, as matter of *mere favour*. —But to *whom* is it given? who are designed by the pronoun, *us*? The *apostles*? Yes; but not *as* apostles: rather, as *guilty, helpless, miserable sinners*. In confirmation of this, let *Paul* speak for himself, and in the name of all his brethren. *It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save; to deliver, to obtain a complete victory—For whom? Here, methinks, we should be all attention. Because they, whom he came to save, whatever their character or state may be, must have an undoubted right to look for salvation by him. Whom, then, did he come to save? The answer is, SINNERS. Encouraging word, to such as long for deliverance! Yet some poor soul, perhaps, may be ready to say, with an air of despondency: “ True; yet I have “ reason to fear. For, most likely, they are “ sinners of a less criminal conduct, and of “ less depraved affections. My heart, alas! “ is entirely corrupt, and my sins are many “ and great; flaming as scarlet, and red like*

B 3

“ crimson.

“ crimson. They are attended with peculiar
 “ aggravations, and are of an uncommon
 “ size.” Well, suppose they are, be not discouraged. And, to remove desponding fears, let us hear the apostle out, for he has not yet finished his sentence. He not only informs us, that Christ came to save *sinners*; but he adds, *of whom I AM CHIEF**, the *first* in the class and the *worst* of the name. Charming text! It contains the very marrow of the gospel. It is good news to the vilest of men. Whoever, then, is convinced in his conscience, that the humbling character, assumed by the apostle, is expressive of his *own* situation in the sight of God; has the greatest encouragement, without hesitation, to rely on the Saviour, and triumph in the victory gained by him.—I now proceed to consider,

THIRDLY, The christian's triumph over his vanquished foes. His triumph is thus expressed: *O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?* Here we behold the saint, with death full in his view, and looking into his grave. He sees the monster approach, and feels his cold embrace. The grave lies open before him, and he finds himself ready to take up his lodgings in it.—And how is it with him in the trying moment? Does he turn pale in his aspect, or falter in his speech? Does he tremble with fear, or start back with

* 1 Tim. i. 15.

horror?

horror? No; he is bold as a lion, and firm as a rock. Like some victorious hero, with his foot in the neck of his enemies, he glories over them. He takes a leisurely survey of death, and his language breathes defiance. With heart-felt joy he loudly exclaims; "O DEATH, thou once formidable name! I have often trembled at the shaking of thy iron rod, and stood aghast at thy distant appearance. Guilt pointed thy dart, and arrayed thee with ineffable terrors. But now it is otherwise. As an enemy, indeed, I still behold thee; but as one whose armour is taken from him, or as one that is just expiring. Thy haggard form I plainly discern; but *where*, WHERE IS THY STING? In vain thou now attemptest to injure, or frighten me. Thy haughty menaces I now despise; for, behold! thy *sting* is gone, entirely and eternally gone. Jesus, the glorious victor, has plucked it from thee: and though it pierced his heart and spilt his blood, he exhausted its poison; which has rendered thee utterly incapable of hurting the feeblest of all his followers. My body, I acknowledge, is liable to feel thy stroke, and must fall, for a season, into thy hand. But, having lost thy sting, thou art not able to touch my conscience; for it is purged with atoning blood, and guarded by infinite power.—Nor shall my earthly tabernacle lie long in ruins. The time is

B 4

" near,

"near, yea, I view it as present, when *this*
 "mortal shall be rescued from thy dominion,
 "and *put on immortality*. Then thy fatal
 "javelin, which has drank the blood of
 "monarchs, and made such dreadful havock
 "among all the children of men, shall be
 "utterly broken. O DEATH! thy empire
 "is falling, thy kingdom is departing from
 "thee. Know, then, though I walk through
 "thy gloomy vale, *I will fear no evil*; for
 "Christ my shepherd and God my father
 "are with me, to guide and guard and bring
 "me to glory.
 "AND thou, O GRAVE! what have I to
 "fear from thee? Thy cells, it is true, are
 "noisome, and thy lodgings are coarse.
 "Thou hast taken vast numbers captive,
 "treated them in the most insulting manner,
 "and still detainest them in close confine-
 "ment. Yet I fear thee not. I look upon
 "thee as a proud, but conquered foe. The
 "Lord, from heaven, having entered thy
 "dark mansion, burst thy bars and rose in
 "triumph. But why, O GRAVE! why didst
 "thou not retain that illustrious Prisoner,
 "when thou hadst him under thy power?
 "Why sufferedst thou the crucified Jesus to
 "escape thy hands, without further disho-
 "nour? Didst thou not know, that thy *all*
 "was at stake; that his resurrection would
 "be thy destruction? When he arose, it was
 "as the first-fruits of them that sleep, as the
 "vic-

“ victorious Head, and great Representative
 “ of all his people. ‘ In Him *they* rose, and
 “ past the gates of light.’ *Where, then,*
 “ WHERE IS THY VICTORY? it is lost irre-
 “ coverably; lost for ever. I enter, therefore,
 “ thy gloomy regions, without a trembling
 “ fear, to rest my weary head, after the fa-
 “ tiques of life; in full assurance, that I
 “ shall awake and rise, in a little time, as from
 “ a refreshing sleep.—Methinks I see! me-
 “ thinks I hear!—What? THE JUDGE DE-
 “ SCEND! THE TRUMPET SOUND! The
 “ great command is issued forth; GIVE UP
 “ THY SPOILS, O GRAVE! In a moment,
 “ the scattered dust of the saints is collected,
 “ formed anew, and made like the glorious
 “ body of Christ. Yes, O GRAVE! Heethem
 “ rise, I share their glory, and join their
 “ triumph.”—Such is the import of the
 christian’s triumph, over death and the grave,
 when Christ appears in his excellence, and
 faith is in lively exercise. And to see a be-
 liever thus depart, is one of the noblest sights
 on this side heaven.

THERE is, indeed, a *fear of death and the
 grave*, which is inseparable from our mortal
 state; being no other, than the *aversion of*
nature to her own dissolution. This, con-
 sidered in itself, is a sinless infirmity; like
 weariness, or sickness, or bodily pain*. It

* Dr. OWEN on Heb. ii. 15. Vol. I. p. 266.

is, therefore, perfectly consistent with the believer's triumph over them, as *penal* evils.—Nor does the believer, in the height of his triumph, consider death as a *trifling* thing, or glory over him with a spirit of *levity*. No; he looks upon death as a *very solemn* and *most important* event. He rejoices over him, as a conquered enemy, but not with the joy of a fool. For he well remembers, that the conquest was gained, by nothing short of Omnipotence; through the agonies and blood, the death and resurrection, of the Son of God.—I shall now very briefly consider,

FOURTHLY, The christian's gratitude for the wonderful favour. Upon every remembrance of it, *Thanks be to God*, is his language. Nor can it be otherwise, with such as partake in the victory and share in the triumph. No; the greatness of the deliverance, and the way in which it was gained; the fruits resulting from it, and their absolute unworthiness of the least favour, constrain them to give the whole glory of their honour and happiness to God, by Jesus Christ.—Their *deliverance is great*; great, beyond a parallel; glorious, beyond conception. Rescued they are, from the mightiest enemies, and the most awful destruction, both of body and soul.—Nor are the enemies and misery, from which they are delivered, more awful, than the *way of their deliverance* is wonderful. Who could have ever imagined, that, in order
to

to save self-ruined and self-condemned criminals, the SON OF THE BLESSED should become incarnate; should give up himself, to the curse of the law and the stroke of justice, the death of the cross and the wrath of God? Yet this—let sinners hear, fall down, and adore!—*this* is the way in which the victory was gained!—Nor are *the fruits* of this deliverance unworthy of its glorious cause. For, in the present life, the believer enjoys, peace of conscience and communion with God; an hope of glory, and a right to possess it. And O, what blessedness awaits him in a future world! In that land of vision, he shall be entirely freed from every trouble, and elevated to the joys of angels; he shall behold the glory of his ascended Lord, and for ever enjoy that bliss, which is included in the fruition of the infinite God.—But how is the christian's admiration heightened, and his gratitude inflamed, when he reflects on his *own unworthiness* of the least favour! Then, lost in admiration and filled with joy, he loudly cries, THANKS BE TO GOD! In this grateful acknowledgment, he expresses his very soul; and it is his supreme desire to glorify God, with all that he is, and with all that he has, while he enjoys either breath or being. He begins the hallelujah here, and will perpetuate it to all eternity.

HAVING briefly considered the several heads of discourse, at first proposed; it will
now

now be expected, that I should say something concerning the deceased. Such of you, however, as stately attend on the worship of God in this place, need no information, that it is not my custom, on these occasions, to *pronounce panegyrics*. But though I despise the method of garnishing the sepulchres, or adorning the characters of the dead, with pompous adulation and fulsome flattery; yet I may be permitted, nay, I think it my duty, to speak in praise of that *glorious grace*, which is the hope and the joy of believers, both living and dying—even of *that grace*, by which our dear departed Friend was what she was, as a Christian; and is, what I am persuaded, she is, as a glorified saint. Yes, I may boldly speak to the honour of her God and her SAVIOUR, and prejudice itself will not dare to fix the imputation of flattery upon me.

In reference, then, to our deceased Sister, I would observe; That she appeared to have a *deep sense* of the corruption of her nature, and of the awful evil of sin. She told me, That when her conscience was first awakened, she had such a view of her own sinfulness, as made her suppose, that *her state was desperate*. But it pleased God to relieve her desponding mind, in a little time after, under the ministry of the word in this place, on the subject of *Peter's denial* of his Lord, and the forgiveness he received of that complicated and shocking crime. Nor did the conviction of her

her own unworthiness depart from her mind. In her late illness, and but a few days before her departure, she strongly expressed it in my hearing. "My soul," said she, "is more defiled by sin, than my poor body is by this disease*."—Having such a view of her native impurity, it is no wonder, if she had any peace in her soul, that it arose from divine grace, as it appears and shines in Jesus Christ. And this was the case. Peace she had, peace she enjoyed; even *that* peace which the world cannot give, she richly possessed, from the time that she *knew the grace of God in truth*. She frequently found herself remarkably comfortable at the *Lord's table*: sometimes to such a degree, that her delicate and feeble frame was ready to sink under a transport of joy.—She appeared, from the first attack of the mortal disease, by which she was removed from us, to be very *resigned*. Once, after saying repeatedly, "Lord have mercy upon me;" she immediately corrected herself, in words to the following import: "What! shall I be impatient?" Nor was she only *resigned*, but *cheerful*; cheerful in her soul, and joyful through hope. On the *Thursday* evening before she died, I had the pleasure to find her, all *joy and thankfulness*. She then greatly admired the *condescension and goodness of God*, in hearing her prayers, and such positions, as were at the approach of death. She died of the *Small-pox*. "I no

"I no sooner asked," said she, "than he answered." With astonishment she expressed her views of God's distinguishing grace to her soul. "What am I," was her language, "that God should thus favour me! I have nothing to ask of God: I have nothing to do but praise."—The night before her departure, she had but few and short intervals, in which she was capable of exercising the powers of reason. But before she expired, she said; "O, my dear Lord! O, my dear Lord!" which were her last words; and quickly after fell asleep in the arms of that LORD, who was dear to her soul.

AND now, my friends, what improvement shall we make of this encouraging narrative? Why, hence we may learn, That there is a *reality*, a *divine reality*, in the religion of Jesus. Hence it appears, that the knowledge of Christ, is true wisdom; and the enjoyment of him, substantial happiness. Let none of you, then, suppose, that the gospel is a mere sound, or christianity an empty name. The reverse, the glorious reverse appears from the whole tenour of the inspired volume, and from the facts I have now related. That religion and those enjoyments, which are able to support the mind and comfort the heart of a sinner, conscious of his desert, when on a *dying-bed*, are truly solid: but such pleasures and such possessions, as vanish at the approach of death, are not worthy of the names they bear;

bear; are no other than fleeting shadows. And this you will all find by experience, in a little time, however fond you may now be of the world, or however much you may, for a while, trifle with God and eternal things. *Trifle with God! trifle with ETERNAL THINGS!* Amazing stupidity, folly, and madness! Remember then, ye triflers! that if ever you enjoy true happiness, either here or hereafter, you must know yourselves and believe in Jesus; you must love God and live to his glory. Death will teach you the truth of what I now declare; but it will be dreadful to learn it, from the pangs of a guilty conscience, in the agonies of a dying hour!

FROM the preceding account we may also learn; That a *deep sense* of our own depravity and unworthiness, is quite consistent with a *cheerful confidence* in the Lord Redeemer, and a *joyful hope* of immortal glory. Of this we have a striking instance in the experience of our dear deceased Sister; and, what is infinitely more, it is abundantly evident from the sacred writings. No saint that ever lived, had a firmer confidence, or a brighter hope, than *Paul*; yet none, I may venture to affirm, have a deeper sense of their own unworthiness, than he had. He considered himself, as the *chief of sinners* and the *least of saints*; nor does it appear that he had any hope, but in sovereign mercy. In his invaluable writings we hear him sigh and groan, under the
the

the burden of his own corruption; and at the same time we behold him rejoice, in a steady persuasion, that he was *accepted in the Beloved* and an heir of immortal bliss *. Were my esteemed Friend present, the loss of whom we now lament, I am fully persuaded, she would not think I injured her character, or undervalued her worth, if she heard me call her, *a miserable sinner*; one who had no peace in her conscience, no hope of eternal happiness, but what arose from the grace of God, as divinely free, and the work of Christ, as quite complete. Such was the foundation of her hope, and such must yours be, if ever you meet death with comfort. To live under an habitual consciousness, that we deserve to perish for ever; and at the same time to maintain a steady persuasion, that God accepts us in Christ, acquits us from every charge, and will receive us to glory, is the mystery of the life of faith.

BEFORE I conclude my discourse, I would take the liberty of addressing my hearers in a more particular manner, and especially the younger part of the audience. It gives me frequent pleasure to observe, many young persons attend on the ministry of the glorious gospel; and I rejoice to see such a number present on this occasion. I trust that a nobler

* Rom. vii. 24-25. 2 Cor. v. 2, 4. Rom. viii.

1, 38, 39.

principle than mere curiosity, has brought you hither at this time; and if so, you will not be offended with a *free address* from the pulpit. And I must be free: the work in which I am now engaged requires it of me.—There is too much reason to fear, that many of you are ignorant of God, and unacquainted with the state of your souls; such I sincerely pity. Others there are, I am fully persuaded, who believe in Jesus and love religion; in the happiness of such I greatly rejoice. Give me leave, then, to address a few words to each, as your different circumstances seem to require.

AND are there such among you, my *junior* friends, as are *ignorant of God, and unacquainted with the state of your souls*? Let each of you make the enquiry. Ask at the mouth of conscience, and listen to her impartial dictates. If not asleep, or dead, she will speak, and you will feel that her words have power. Consider how it stands between God and your souls. What is the object of your warmest love? What is the ground of your future hopes, if you pretend to have any hope at all; and what is likely to become of you, when you leave the world? Peradventure, some of you are ready to say, “It is time enough yet, for us to be concerned about our souls. Religion is better adapted to riper years, and is the business of a more advanced age. We are young, healthy, vigorous;”

C

11

“vigorous; and, probably, have much of
 “our time to spend.” You are young, you
 are healthy, it is true; *but*—O, that stinging
 BUT!—remember *you must DIE*, and death is
 a solemn event. But why talk of youth, or
 of health? when, let me tell you (and O,
 that I could make the whole careless world
 hear!) the very next hour, may either *elevate*
 you to the immortal joys of angels, or *plunge*
you deep into the eternal torments of devils.
 Astonishing, awful thought! enough to chill
 your blood. And will you dare to say, it is
time enough to think about your souls? Will
 you still persist in it, that you need not yet
 be concerned about religion? Poor deluded
 creatures! I pity your case; I tremble for
 you. For you are in the hands of an angry
 God, and who knows what he will do with
 you? Some of you, perhaps, may reflect
 on the solemn warnings I now give, when
 you lie struggling in the agonies of death;
 and then, O, then! how will it sting your
 consciences, if, while you had health and
 strength, you trifled away your time, and
 forgot the important business of life, till you
 are just leaving the world!—You think, it
 may be, that religion is a *gloomy thing*; that
 it would damp the gaiety of your spirits, and
 unfit you for social life. This is a common,
 but great mistake. From what has been
 just related, concerning our young, departed
 Friend, you cannot but see, that she found
 it

it produce the *reverse* of a gloomy temper : yea, that she found it inspire with such a gaiety of disposition, as death, even *gloomy death* could not destroy. What a poor case must she have been in, when seized by the fatal distemper, and when she saw her dissolution at hand, if she had not been acquainted with God and enjoyed a sense of his favour ! Her youth, her beauty, had she been the fairest of all the daughters of *Eve*, and her agreeable worldly prospects, what could they have done for her ? they would have delivered her up to the keenest anguish, and abandoned her to utter destruction. But, believing in Jesus Christ, and having a sense of his love warm in her heart ; her prospects were glorious and her end triumphant. Say not, then, that religion, the religion of Jesus, is a gloomy thing. And remember, that if ever you be *truly happy*, you must be *religious*.—Nor is the religion, I now recommend, an *unsociable* thing. She will not, indeed, send you to balls, or play-houses, or masquerades, in order to contract an acquaintance, or to meet your associates. No ; she being of celestial origin, despises such entertainments, as mean and low, as sinful and devilish ; as entirely unworthy of an immortal mind, that has the glory of heaven in view. But she will lead you, to the garrets of the poor and the beds of the sick, to pity their distresses and relieve their wants. She will bring you to

religious assemblies, where you shall have communion with the children of light, and fellowship with Jesus Christ. Yea, she will lead you to the scriptures and the closet, and there introduce you to an audience with the Eternal King; and, finally, she will fit you to associate with angels, around the throne of the Lamb. Such is her nature, and such is her dignity. Where, then, ye young and gay; where is your ambition for *high life*? for here, I will venture to say, *here* we have it, in the noblest sense of the phrase. For *this* life, is worthy of a rational being; worthy of an immortal soul; worthy of the christian character; nay more, the oracles of heaven call it, *THE LIFE OF GOD* *. Consider what I say, and the Lord give you understanding in all things!

AND you, my dear young friends, who believe in Jesus and love religion, especially such as are members of this community; how shall I address you? The answer is obvious; *Watch and pray*; that when the heavenly Bridegroom comes, he may find you ready, having your loins girt and your lamps burning. God is, in this providence, loudly calling upon you, to take heed how you spend your time.—Watch, therefore, against youthful lusts; and against a light, trifling, carnal spirit.—Watch, diligently, against that de-

* Eph. iv. 18.

testable

testable temper, pride: cultivate, with all
affinity, that amiable grace, humility. Young
persons are very apt to imagine themselves
much wiser, in the things of God, and of
greater abilities, than they really are. — Watch
against an itch of novelty, both as to doctrines
and ministers. For, to gratify such an in-
clination, is the way never to be established
in your judgment*; never to enjoy solid
peace in your minds. — Watch against a dull
formality, in the performance of devotional
duties; and take heed that you do not make
the religious conduct, of cold, lifeless pro-
fessors, whoever they be, a pattern for your
imitation. Watch then, for ye know not but
the time of *your* departure may be at hand.

And what shall I say to my *senior* friends?
Do you *know* the Lord? Be thankful, then;
be ye also watchful. Watch, especially, against
worldly-mindedness. Remember who it is
that says; *Take heed, and beware of co-
vetousness*†. See to it, that while you are
diligent in your lawful civil employments,
you do not suffer the hurries of business to
inroach on the time, which ought to
be devoted to God and communion with
him. — Watch against a lukewarm frame of
mind; into which older professors are so ready
to fall, though it be an abomination to the
Lord‡. Take heed that you do not slumber

* 2 Tim. iv. 3, 4. † Luke xii. 15. ‡ Rev. iii. 15, 16.

and sleep, while the Bridegroom tarrys; for if you do, the midnight cry may greatly alarm you*. But, such is our propensity to a drowsy frame of mind, that we have need of the warnings of God, in his word; of the warnings of God, in his providence; and, above all, of the Divine Spirit's agency, to keep us awake. Remember, my brethren, that in proportion to your superior knowledge of divine things, and your longer standing in the church of God; you ought to be examples to the younger members of this christian society—*examples*, in the exercise of every holy temper, and in the performance of every commendable deed. This, let me tell you, your age and character require.

PERHAPS there may be some of my hearers, that are past the meridian of life, and far advanced in years; whose time, and strength, and care, are so engrossed by the world, that they can scarcely spare a single hour in a week, to examine the state of their souls, to read the holy word, or to converse with God in prayer: but live, as though the great business of life was, to raise their families in the world, and die exceeding rich. But why, O ye plodding sons of industry! why all this toil for triumphs of an hour? What though ye wade in wealth, or soar

* Matt. xxv. 5, 6.

"in fame;" it will all quickly end in, "HERE HE LIES." Why, then, should you seek your happiness, in loading yourselves with thick clay*, or so carefully worship at the shrine of Mammon? Such a conduct, as one poetically expresses it, is "guilt's blunder, and the loudest laugh of hell†." To see the generality of youth, vain, and giddy, and forgetful of eternal things, is awful; but, to see *grey-hairs* playing the fool, is shocking indeed! It is like detecting a convict, in the commission of a capital crime, when under the gallows.—Nor is the guilt less, though the conduct be different, if, instead of seeking satisfaction in riches, you seek it in the ways of prodigality and sensual gratifications. For, such being your course of life, you are sure to perish, if you die in your present condition. May God awaken your sleepy consciences! May omnipotent grace deliver your wretched souls, from the impending ruin!

I SHALL now conclude, with a word to the surviving parents of our deceased Sister. When I consider your present affliction, my honoured Friends, as having lost an amiable daughter, a dear and an only child, just arriving at a state of maturity; I cannot but feel for you; and, I dare say, there are few, in this

* Habb. ii. 6.

† *Night-Thoughts.*

numerous assembly, who do not sympathize with you. It is really a cutting stroke, and the hand of God is heavy upon you. But He is an uncontrollable Sovereign, and must be obeyed.—Yet, when I consider what mercy is mixed with judgment; what reason you have to conclude, that God has taken your daughter to himself, taken her to the enjoyment of infinite bliss and eternal honour, I sincerely rejoice: and here, let me tell you, christianity bids you rejoice. While you mourn, therefore, and cannot but mourn, as *parents*, you are called to rejoice, as *christians*.—Permit me now to remind you, that as a time of affliction is a proper season for self-examination; so it behoves you to consider well, how it is with your souls. Are you ready for death, and fit for glory? Is Jesus precious, and are the ways of holiness delightful, to you? Be careful, that you suffer not an ensnaring world to have your affections. Watch, diligently watch, lest the hurries of trade should intrude on the consecrated hour, the precious moments, which ought to be sacred to retirement and an intercourse with God. Remember, that the Most High is speaking to you, by this dispensation; that he speaks in very serious language, and with a peculiar emphasis. May you *bear the rod, and who hath appointed it!* May you improve by it, as them that are taught by affliction! And may

may you be enabled, in the lively exercise of faith and hope, to be looking and longing for that happy hour, when you shall meet with her, whose death you now lament, in the realms of light and the world of glory!

THE END OF THE SERMON.

may you be enabled, in the lively exercise of
faith and hope, to be looking and longing
for that happy hour, when you shall meet
with her, whose death you now lament, in the
realm of light and the world of glory!

THE END OF THE SERMON.

But whence all these pains and troubles?
Whence all these sufferings and sorrows? The
answer is ready: The inhabitants of our world
are rebellious against God's authority.

THE ADDRESS

We have all sinned against our Maker: we
have all offended our eternal Sovereign. Hav-

And the INTERMENT.

ing to, and being in, the image of
our Creator, we are deformed and filthy; we
wear the foul features of that spotted skin,
who was the first enemy to God, and who

HOW short is that span of life, which is
allotted to man upon earth! He enters
into existence, just looks around him in the
world, and then goes down to the grave.

What a promiscuous multitude inhabit these
gloomy regions! The hoary sire and the infant
of days, the haughty tyrant and the abject
slave, the rich and the poor, the prince and
the peasant, lie undistinguished in the dust of
death. All the past generations of men have
left our world, and are entered into an awfully
a boundless eternity; and all that now survive,
are making swift advances to the same eternal
state.

Nor is the life which we here live, short as
it is, free from pains and sorrows. No; *man
that is born of a woman, is but of few days, and
full of trouble.* Many are the pains which afflict
the body; many are the sorrows which affect
the mind. This we know; this we feel; nor
can all the enjoyments of the present world
deliver us from them.

BUT

BUT whence all these pains and troubles? whence all these sufferings and sorrows? The answer is ready: The inhabitants of our world, are a rebellious province of God's dominion. We have all sinned against our Maker: we have all offended our eternal Sovereign. Having lost, by transgression, the fair image of our Creator, we are deformed and filthy; we wear the foul features of that apostate spirit, who was the first enemy to God, and who delights in our destruction. Hence it is, that pains and sorrows attend: hence it is, that mortality and death ensue.

BUT are the troubles of the present life, the only evils we have to fear? No: far, very far from it. The most awful evil is yet behind. When we consider ourselves as sinners, as offenders against the infinite God: we behold, in the page of divine revelation, the sentence of everlasting death gone out against us. Yes, my fellow-mortals, considered as transgressors, we are under a divine curse, and obnoxious to eternal wrath. For thus it is written, in that sacred Volume by which the world shall be judged: *The wages of sin is death: even everlasting destruction, from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power.* Hear, O hear, the solemn truth, ye that surround this gaping tomb!

How miserable, then, is man, when viewed as a sinner! Exposed to a thousand pains and sorrows, both of body and mind, in the present

BUT

sent

sent state, and to everlasting misery in a future world! Once, indeed, in his primitive state, he was the glory of this lower creation; he bore his Maker's image, he shone with moral excellence, exulted in Jehovah's favour, and was all immortal. But now, alas! he is reduced to the greatest poverty and the deepest disgrace. Even when on the summit of worldly glory, he claims kindred with creeping things, with dust and putrefaction. We are all obliged to say to corruption, *Thou art our father*; and to the worm, *Thou art our sister*. The human frame, however sprightly and vigorous, in a time of youth and health, is the predestinated food of sordid insects, which will soon riot upon it; while the soul, the immortal soul, if not renewed by divine grace, is consigned over to everlasting torment. Such is the desert, and such is the end of man, considered as a sinner.

Is there, then, no hope for us? Is there nothing but the abhorred putrefaction of a grave, and the tremendous torments of hell, to be apprehended, or expected, by us? The gospel, the gospel of divine grace, is the only thing that can furnish an answer to this important and solicitous enquiry. By this glorious truth, however, we are assured, on the authority of God himself, that he who *dies in the Lord, is blessed*; blessed indeed; blessed for ever. Yes, the word of peace informs us, that whoever believes in Jesus, though he must

must die a natural death, like other men; yet he shall be secure from the storm of divine wrath, and happy in the enjoyment of God.

WITH this, the dear deceased was well acquainted; this she knew, and in this she gloried; yea, she gloried in this heavenly truth, after disease had fastened on her vitals, and when death was near at hand. She knew, indeed, and freely confessed, that she was a guilty, miserable, helpless creature—that she deserved to perish for ever; but, her faith being fixed on Jesus, her hope was lively and big with immortal glory. This prospect calmed her fears and gladdened her heart; this prospect gilded the awful solemnities of a dying-bed, and shed a beam of joy through all her soul. Such were her views, of the work of Christ and her interest in it, of immortal bliss and her right to enjoy it; that she was entirely resigned to the will of God, entirely resigned to the stroke of death. She was willing to give up her earthly all, *knowing that she had in heaven a better, and more enduring substance.* And now she is gone; gone, we are firmly persuaded, to behold the glory of Christ, and to enjoy the fulness of God. Her immortal spirit has taken its flight, into those mansions of light and love, into those habitations of glory and joy; where sin and sorrow, where disease and death, shall never enter. Chearing reflection this, to weeping Parents and surviving Friends! *Blessed, then, for ever*
blessed

bleſſed are the dead that die in the Lord; for they reſt from their labours, and their works follow them.

AND was ſuch the end of our departed Siſter? was ſuch the death of the ſaint? Me thinks no one preſent can forbear to join in the ardent wiſh; *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my laſt end be like his!* But, if you deſire to die the death, take heed that you live the life of the righteous. And what is his life? It is, in ſhort, a life of faith on Jeſus, and a life of obedience to God.—It is a life of faith on Jeſus. For it is written, *The juſt, the truly righteous man, ſhall live by faith.* He lives on heavenly bread, on more than angels' food; for he *eats the fleſh, and he drinks the blood of the Son of man.* He that *eateth Me, ſhall live by Me*, ſays the Saviour of the world. In the grand article of acceptance with God, the obedience and blood of Jeſus are all in all, with him that is righteous in the eſtimate of heaven. Hence alone his peace of conſcience; hence alone his hope of glory.—The life of the righteous, is alſo a life of obedience to God. Faith in the great Redeemer, produces love to God; and this heavenly affection maniſeſts itſelf in obedience to the divine commands. In vain, then, do any pretend to love the goſpel, which proclaims peace; while they reject the precept, which requires obedience.

AND

AND is *such* the life of the righteous? do you, then, live this life? How is it between God and your souls? With all the solemnity which a *corpse* and a *grave* can inspire, and in the name of that **SUBLIME BEING**, who will soon rend this vault and raise its dead, ascend the tribunal and judge the world, I again ask; *How is it between God and your souls?* Remember, my friends, it is a question of the *last importance*; nor can you forget, that the *occasion* of our being now assembled, and the *place* where we now stand, give it a peculiar emphasis, and loudly demand an answer from you. Let reflection operate; let conscience speak.—How is it with you, my *younger* friends? You cannot forget who it is that says; *Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth*, Some of you, I am persuaded, know the Lord, and are the subjects of divine grace. Such of you, I cannot forbear to congratulate. Ye are wise, ye are safe, ye are happy; and I sincerely rejoice in your felicity. But give me leave, at the mouth of this tomb, to exhort and charge you to be watchful. *Flee youthful lusts*. Be much in prayer. Endeavour to live near to God, and walk as on the brink of the grave.—But I am afraid there are many among you, that have but little concern about your souls. Perhaps, some of you may be promising yourselves long life and happy days, in the world; and think it quite soon enough, for such as you, to be concerned about a future

ture state. O, the inexpressible folly and madness of such! Remember, and be confounded, ye poor unthinking mortals! remember the age of the dear deceased, which stands marked on the coffin! She also was a young person, just entered on her *twenty-first* year; in the very prime of life and vigour of her days. O, then, let the young and the gay, the giddy and the thoughtless, grow serious here! let the enemies of God and the servants of sin tremble to think, that they also, ere long, must *die*—must appear before God in judgment. May the Great Arbiter of life and death awaken your sleepy souls, and save you from eternal ruin!

IN this assembly, no doubt, there are some in a more *advanced stage* of life, whose time is almost entirely engrossed, by the cares and business of this mortal state—Such who have spent forty, or fifty, or sixty years in the world; but have been so immersed in its pleasures, or cares, that they have seldom thought about cultivating a correspondence with heaven; and have lived, strangers to the important contents of the Bible—strangers to the devout exercises of the closet—strangers to their own hearts—and strangers to their God. An awful case yours! Hear, then, O ye children of this world! hear and consider that solemn interrogatory, which proceeds from the mouth of the compassionate Jesus: *What will*

it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?

AND what shall I say to you that appear as *mourners*, on the solemn occasion? Ye are, I perceive, several of you servants in the family of my deceased Sister. Ye have seen an amiable branch of that family, in which you reside, cut down by the hand, the relentless hand of death. Ye have had a striking evidence, that neither youth nor beauty, nor pleasing worldly prospects, can screen from the attacks of pale, putrid, mortal disease, or deliver out of the hands of our last enemy. What shall I say? Ye have heard, from the lips of a dying saint, what a glorious support the Gospel affords a believer, in the most trying hour; and what a prospect it opens to the real christian, of a blissful immortality. Yes, ye have seen, that the grace of God and the gospel of Christ, inspire with courage and elevate with joy, when all that the world can afford is not able to yield the least support; even when life itself is expiring. What think you now of *religion*? What think you of *dying*? Remember, this providence has a voice to you: and what is its import? Why it cries, yea, it *cries* in your ears; BE YE ALSO READY.

To conclude: As our departed Sister was the *only daughter*, the dear and only child, of her surviving parents; does not this event inform us all, By what a precarious tenure we hold our dearest earthly comforts? Most certainly.

tainly. The language of a Sovereign God, in such dispensations is; "Be ready to give up
 " your dearest enjoyments, whenever I shall call
 " for them. BE STILL, AND KNOW THAT I AM
 " JEHOVAH AND WILL BE OBEYED."—But
 though it be a cutting stroke, to part with an
only child, in the very *prime* of life; yet if, as
 in the case before us, the surviving parents
 have reason to conclude, that their child is
 gone to glory, it is a noble alleviation of the
 great affliction. The thought of that bound-
 less bliss, cheers the mourning heart, and
 chides the flowing tear, of the christian parent.
 And though the bodies of the saints are reduced
 to deep dishonour; when laid in the dreary
 sepulchre; yet that disgrace is but temporary.
 For the time is coming, when all the disho-
 nours they have suffered in the grave, shall be
 wiped away for ever.—Rest, then, ye dear
 remains of the amiable deceased; rest undis-
 turbed, till the morning of the resurrection!
 Then ye shall be raised, re-animated, and
 formed like the glorious body of the ascended
 Redeemer; bright, as the wings of angels,
 and incorruptible as the everlasting inheri-
 tance.

F I N I S

truly. The language of a Sovereign God, in such dispensations is: "Be ready to give up your dear self enjoyment, whenever I shall call for them. Be still, and know that I am JEHOVAH, and will be exalted."—but though it is a calling those, to part with an only child, in the very arms of life, yet it is in the end to conclude that their end is gone.

ADVERTISEMBT.
Lately published, by the AUTHOR,

THE REIGN OF GRACE, FROM ITS RISE TO ITS CONSUMMATION.

Price 5s. in Boards:

And **THE DEATH OF LEGAL HOPE, THE LIFE OF EVANGELICAL OBEDIENCE.**

Price 1s. 6d.

Sold by E. and C. DILLY, in the Poultry; G. KEITH, in Grace-church-street; and W. HARRIS, in St. Paul's Church-yard.

10 FEB 58
The Author's last work, "The Death of Legal Hope, and the Life of Evangelical Obedience," is now published, and is highly recommended by the learned and pious, as the wings of angels, and inexpressible as the everlasting music.